

## QUITE A LOAD.



Little cat, so dear,  
Greatly do I fear  
With you I cannot tarry;  
You're quite a load to carry.

No one can tarry to read a long, tedious advertisement, but if they would come and see the things we are offering in Gents' Furnishings they would find it a pleasure, and no load to carry. We are glad to show our full stock of unlaundered shirts, so let us hope you will give us an early call.

WEISS,

Bon-Ton Hatter and Furnisher,  
5 Salem Avenue.

sept 23-6m

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## Unprecedented Offer.

To any six sober, intelligent and industrious men, between the ages of 21 and 35, who will take a course of instruction in

GARMENT CUTTING,

I will start them in business.

D. G. REVERE,

Proprietor and Principal of the New  
South Cutting School,

107 Salem Avenue.

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## MEALS &amp; BURKE.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

BUT

Old Friends and Familiar Faces.

We are now located in our new quarters at 102 Salem avenue and 105 Henry street, where you will find a large and very select assortment of

## GENTS' FURNISHINGS

of every description. We can fit you out

From Head to Foot.

As to prices, we can meet you more than half way.

As to quality, we lead. Very respectfully,

## MEALS &amp; BURKE,

102 SALEM AVENUE,  
105 HENRY STREET,

ROANOKE, VA.

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All kinds of ladies' and gents' clothing cleaned and dyed.

Gloss removed from gentlemen's clothes by the Devon process. 'Phone 229.

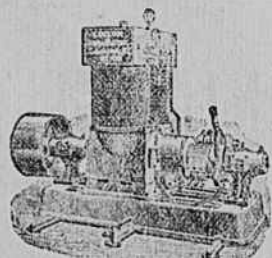
104 Campbell Street.

Jas. Devon

PROPRIETOR. Jan 14 tf

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PLANTS INSPECTED.



Estimates furnished.

Buildings equipped with electric light and bells.

We are authorized agents for

EDISON'S SUPPLIES.

P. O. BOX 251. ROANOKE, VA.  
Room 3, Masonic Temple. Jan 12-1 yr

## SEASIDE SORROWS.

A HERMIT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF  
WATERING PLACE DISCOMFORTS.

A Cynical Philosopher Who Found Naught but Gnats and Vexation of Spirit at Seashore and Lakeside Resorts—The Delusions of Dog Days.

[Special Correspondence.]

CINCINNATI, Aug. 1.—A historian of pagan civilization observes that the medical philosophy of the ancients differed from that of modern times as the love of health differs from the dread of disease.

"They had gymnasia and olympic festivals for the culture of strength," he says; "we devote our attention to hospitals for the cure of debility."

It is much the same with that secular religion called the science of happiness. We sprinkle our lawns and the foliage of our front yard shade trees to mitigate the glare of the summer sun, but the crusades for the recovery of our lost earthly paradise seem to have been abandoned by general consent. Free circus games have been abolished. The maximum of pleasure having proved a delusive ideal, we stake our hopes on a minimum of worry. In midsummer the attainment of that blessing becomes a problem of almost universal importance.

For one toiler who saves money with a view to the realization of Sir John Lubbock's plan of earthly felicity a thousand value the rewards of industry chiefly as the means of effective flight from the martyrdom of the dog days; in eastern America alone a million parboiled city dwellers invest a considerable percentage of their yearly savings in railway tickets in the hope of bettering their condition by a timely escape to the rural districts, to Europe or even to the seashore.

The lingering belief in the possible success of the latter expedient would, however, not be apt to stand the shock of an interview with an outspoken friend of mine who has spent some twenty years of his life in search of peace, and as a practical comment has now transferred his household gods to a little orchard farm in the Tennessee highlands.

"Isn't this place a little too high for good fruit?" I inquired after a peep at the dizzy abyss below my friend—Lookout cliff.

"Yes, too cold for cherries, pears or peaches," said the refugee, "and much too far from market to make apples a profitable crop, but my trees are at least safe from insects, and I enjoy a similar immunity. There are no mosquitoes up here."

"But isn't it rather lonesome in winter? A nice southern seaside resort would offer a better chance for sport and pastime, I should suppose."

"Yes, so did I till I tried it," said the experimental philosopher. "Sport? You'd better cash a few checks before you risk it. In Florida they will put you off an excursion boat for firing a snap shot at a wild goose and in California it's fifty dollars to shoot a seagull. The sealions and seals are all inviolate, like the holy apes of Benares."

"But then the ground is level, and you can take long rambles without breaking your neck in the cliffs. You can rusticate and camp!"

"Camp where? Hunting and camping strictly prohibited! 'Trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law'—trident signboards at every turn of the road as long as you stick to the promenade woods of the reservation. The moment you stray beyond you will step to your waist in quagmires, and see snakes enough to give you the delirium tremens before you get out again."

"But what about the rocky coasts farther north, with bathhouses and fishing resorts?"

"You must have tried it from the way you mention them together. Boats? You need them indeed; before you can get a mess of fish—go trolling for bluefish in a boat that slips its tiller ropes and whirled you senseless enough to take your umbrella for a hammer headed shark; or try your luck ashore, waste a day surf fishing before you get a bite, or crawl out on the skiff and be drenched by the splash breakers."

"Social resources ought to outweigh such drawbacks. Have you never tried beach tennis or sentimental cliff rambles?"

"Supremely sentimental till you get sobered up by a divorce suit. Charge of extreme cruelty. Alimony and costs."

"Well, try a primitive fishing resort, like those on the upper lakes."

"Oh, yes, and come to believe in a primitive lakes before the mosquitoes get through with you. Not intermittent gnats serenades, but a fierce buzz, all pervading clouds of winged bloodsuckers, torture continued day and night without a moment's intermission, for weeks together, till you seek relief in a plunge bath, unless you prefer the plan of the Chippewa Indians and grease your skin an inch thick. Some of our eastern swamp coasts are not much better, and you can think yourself lucky if you don't get sandfleas into the bargain or a dose of malaria microbes. If you survive at all it's a benefit of the movement cure—the exercise you get in kicking around and slapping your own face."

"A good night's rest makes amends for all that."

"Night's rest? Yes, if you can wait till you are ready to faint away. The cool nights read very pretty on the hotel programme, but an old sailor could tell you better. The 'cooling sea breeze' dies out at 5 p. m., and at sunset you get a feeble, sweltering land wind, not good for much before midnight, when it may help a blockade runner to crawl out of port. And just by the time you really get something like a cat nap you are sure to be waked by the screech of a night steamer and bumps at your neighbor's door, where somebody wants to leave at 4 a. m. Then the night is gone, and the last hope of an hour's sound sleep. The landlady keeps turkeys to impress you with the prospect of the Sunday dinner, and at peep of dawn they begin to gobble in a way to make you wish for the perpetual Sabbath of the new Jerusalem. And just by the time the breeze wakes up and the morning gets breezy and cool you hear the gong and renounce all hopes of refuge in dreamland."

"But you can enjoy the cool morning on the veranda?"

"Yes, if you consent to dress within an inch of your life."

"Or take a morning bath?"

"Foreboded again. Before they let you in you have to don dry goods enough to waste a considerable part of the morning in the dressing cot."

"Or else join a seashell party."

"And be obliged to join them in turning back before you get within a mile of a fair chance. The nearby beaches are picked clean three times a day. If you do get up early enough for a long range stroll, it's ten to one that you will be caught in a rainstorm."

"So much the better; that will cool the

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

air off for a good sleep, or you can lie awake and conjure up spirits in listening to the moaning of the storm."

"No such luck. Before your invocation has raised a quorum of decent ghosts the spell will be broken by the whoop of an automatic foghorn. I have sat up in bed and listened to that sort of music till I felt like risking my life in a midnight boat trip to smash the preposterous contrivance."

"And up here—do you think the nights will be slight enough to suit you?"

The refugee sighed. "The natives will crawl under my cabin to look for a secret distillery," he predicted, "but by and by they will get used to me and leave me alone. After that I can fairly count upon a few years of peace, and the transition period is nothing but a just retribution of my folly in having wasted so many good years at the seashore."

FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The Last of the Old Time Literary Men in New York.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The illness of George William Curtis, it is feared, is mortal, although the physicians are not sure that his trouble is cancer of the stomach. Mr. Curtis until within four or five months has seemed to his friends to reveal less indication of advancing years than is usually the case with a man who has arrived at his age. He is nearly seventy, yet he looks, or did look until recently, exactly like the George William Curtis who twenty years ago was regarded as the handsomest literary man in New York, and the most graceful and charming in his relations with the world of all those men who have won fame with the pen in New York city.

Mr. Curtis has not been doing much literary work of late, excepting that which was called from him by reason of his post as editor of some of the Harper publications. He has written an address upon the life and literary service of James Russell Lowell, and many of his admirers think that in this address Mr. Curtis shows the finest flower of his genius. He said to a friend while he was writing it that nothing of the kind which he had ever done gave him more delight than the telling of the story of James Russell Lowell's exquisite literary genius.

Mr. Curtis delivered the address in commemoration of the life of Wendell Phillips, and Roscoe Conkling, notwithstanding his personal quarrel with Mr. Curtis, said not long before his death that every student of American oratory should read this Phillips eulogy. Some passages in it, Mr. Conkling said, were unrivaled in the prose of any other American writer, and were fit to be compared with some of Milton's majestic prose.

Mr. Curtis has said that the work of composing the Phillips eulogy was the most difficult literary work he had ever done. He was an admirer of Phillips, and understood him better than most Americans did; therefore the address was regarded as the most accurate estimate of Phillips' achievements and character that had ever been made.

But his eulogy of Lowell was a work of love. It has just been published, and critics believe that it will remain an American classic, being perhaps the finest illustration of Mr. Curtis' talent.

Before he was smitten with this illness, Mr. Curtis had set about the preparation of an address to commemorate the life and services of Postmaster Pearson, of New York city. Mr. Pearson was a great admirer of Curtis, while the accomplished scholar had the highest regard for the young postmaster. Pearson was a believer in civil service reform, and conducted the New York postoffice absolutely on such lines. He had many a trial with the politicians, but he always had the friendship and support of Mr. Curtis in these emergencies.

Mr. Pearson died almost before he had reached the prime of life, and it was not very long before his death when the physicians discovered what the disease was from which he was suffering. They found that he had cancer of the stomach, and it is regarded by Mr. Curtis' friends, and Mr. Pearson's as well, as a strange dispensation that Mr. Curtis should have been stricken with the same disease just after he began the preparation of the Pearson eulogy.

A monument is to be erected in honor of Mr. Pearson in New York, to which post-office employees all over the country have contributed, and it was upon the occasion of dedication of this monument that Mr. Curtis was expected to deliver the address. He was so much interested in his study of Pearson and in his achievements as a practical postoffice official that Mr. Curtis became enthusiastic in his work, and even after he began to feel the suffering of disease insisted upon going on with this address. It is practically completed, and whether Mr. Curtis is able to deliver it or not himself, it will be read upon the occasion of the Pearson monument dedication.

Mr. Curtis is the last of that cultured throng of literary men who flourished in New York in 1845 and after. They were intimates of Washington Irving, and friends of Fenimore Cooper, who were older than they. They gave to New York city such literary reputation as it enjoyed.

Donald G. Mitchell, who is a little older than Curtis, and who was one of this throng, is living at his home at Edgewood, just out of New Haven. With the exception of Mr. Mitchell, Curtis is the last of the galaxy of brilliant writers and cultured gentlemen who gained for New York such reputation as Boston had before as the home of literary men of distinguished talent.

E. J. EDWARDS.

The Growth of Canada.

The figures on last year's census in Canada are now coming out in very interesting bulletins. From that on manufactures it appears that in ten years the population in towns and cities has increased 58 per cent, and those engaged in manufactures 102 per cent., the wages paid 74 per cent, and the annual product 62.2 per cent. Each workman in 1881 received \$24.20 and in 1891 \$40.25; in the former year each produced \$1,467 worth and the latter \$1,600 worth.

Robberies in Apartment Houses.

Flat robberies have become fashionable. In fact, ever since the average family took to "flat living" the burglar and his associates have been at their wits' ends to know how to "burglar" premises where so many eyes and ears were open. But either such tenants have grown careless in their seeming security or the clever thief has discovered the weak points in their armor, for a number of robberies have been attempted and carried out with more or less success. In apartment houses, where the entrances are watched by elevator boys and janitors, there is much less risk for occupants, but in flat houses, so called, the opportunity to enter and rob, unless every precaution be taken by the tenant, is undoubtedly great.

It would not be wise to indicate by what means a very tyro of a burglar might enter half the flats in town, though perhaps the criminal gentry know it as well as other folks; but it is not amiss to remind absentees of the day or summer that New York is full of flat thieves, and what New York has Boston is bound to copy, even to its faults and sins. Valuables like silverware and jewelry are rarely left in any house during the summer by their owners; therefore it is not silver or jewelry these thieves are after. Rugs, bric-a-brac of a portable nature, furniture, even, have been taken out bodily from more than one New York flat, and in one instance, where the tenant had merely gone away for the day, every article of clothing, costly furs and silk gowns were packed up and carted off in a wagon.

The moral of this is never to leave home without some responsible person remains behind to take charge and prevent such disaster. But, according to the present style of living, this is almost impossible. There must come a time, however, when both mistress and maid wish to be "out," and only the cat can be made guardian of the little establishment. In that case the unostentatious abode is its own best protection, though the newly developed flat thief may have his own ideas in regard to the game being worth the candle.—Boston Herald.

A Wisconsin Candidate.

The first congressional convention of 1892 in Wisconsin was that for the Seventh district. It met at Eau Claire and nominated George B. Shaw, of that place, by acclamation. The Seventh district, as it was in 1890, is now represented by a Democrat, Hon. Frank Potter Colburn, and his plurality was 2,002, but districts have changed. No one can tell what may happen in the wild and free northwest, and so the biography of Mr. Shaw is being looked into.



GEORGE B. SHAW.

He was born thirty-eight years ago in Alma, N. Y., and taken at an early age to Wisconsin, his father, Daniel Shaw, being the noted pioneer lumberman of Eau Claire. The son was reared, as it were, for the lumber business and as secretary of the Daniel Shaw Lumber company. He has served two terms as mayor of Eau Claire, is a leading official of the Knights of Pythias and has been prominent in various ways.

Teaching a Dog.

Are anecdotes of domestic animals ever manufactured? How many stories about dogs are true? A dog has a penny given to him. He trots off at once to the baker and exchanges his penny for a bun. The bun he bolts. So far the story is truthful.

There is a fine collie in Jersey City, who was trained to do this trick first at home when a puppy. There was a special penny kept for him. It had a small hole drilled through it. That penny was kept on the mantelpiece in the dining room, and the piece of money was always given to Scot before he was fed. He would then take it in his mouth and put it in his mistress' hand, when at once his plate with food would be given to him in the out-house. It took a very little time to associate in the dog's brain the idea of an exchange of money and food, and in a week he would carry the penny to a baker and get his bun, the transaction having been first explained to the baker.

There was, however, a curious ending. The exact coin with the hole in it was lost, and at first Scot put no faith in any penny that had no hole in it. It was a valuable counterfeiter to him. At least ten days' teaching was necessary before Scot understood that all pennies, with or without holes, were the current coins of the realm.—New York Times.

To Fool the Horse.

"Why does a woman wear a tall silk hat when she rides on horseback?" asked Jones the other day.

"So that the horse may believe she is a man and be frightened of her," replied Brown, who has carefully studied the subject.—Exchange.

The Voice of the Robin.

No bird is better known to us than the robin. Its song is sweet and plaintive; it rises early and goes to bed late; it loves to dwell and nestle near to man, and has an air of sprightliness and confidence which endears it to us all.

The songs of birds may be divided into six utterances. The call note of the mate in spring; the loud, clear note of defiance, the note of fear when danger threatens the nest, the note of alarm or war cry, the note of affection for their young, and the soft, tender, full, melodious love warble.—Troy Times.

## SCHOOL DAYS

ARE NEAR AT HAND.

HEEDLESS, CARELESS, HAPPY BOYS, your little troubles will soon commence again. You are anxiously looking forward (with more pleasure than pain) to the opening of the fall school term. How sorry your parents will be to know that peace and quiet will reign supreme, for a few hours in the day, throughout the house of their noisy, mischievous and entertaining darlings.

## For the Great Intellectual Event

The heads of families and all others interested in the outward appearance of the rising generation will find ours a great stock of boys' and children's suits to select from. Our suits fit, are well made and our prices right.

Send all of your boys to the

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## One-Price Clothing House.

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No. 21 Jefferson Street.

Finest assortment of Canned Goods in the city.  
Shafer's Hams, finest in the city. Call and see me.

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Eight miles by rail from Norfolk.  
Close connection with all trains. Leave Norfolk 7:30, 10:30 a. m.; 12:45, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 and 9:00 p. m. Address  
JAS. L. WILLIAMS,  
Manager.

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HOTEL AND OBSERVATORY, on the summit of Mill Mountain, 2 1/4 miles from, 900 feet above, N. and W. station at Roanoke, Va. The FINEST SUMMER RESORT in Virginia—Grand and extensive scenery—capacious porches, neatly furnished rooms, beautifully laid out grounds.

The observatory commands a view of the surrounding country for many miles, including the Peaks of Otter. Guests of the hotel admitted to the observatory free. Board by the day, week or month. Good stabling. Special menus to parties.

E. A. LEWIS, Manager.

P. O. Box 166, Roanoke, Va. 5 22 1m

SUMMER HOMES.

MINERAL WATERS.

Prices to suit the times.

Best dyspepsia water in Virginia. Sixteenth successful season under one management. Over 100 guests at the Roanoke Red the 20th July. Accommodations for 400 guests, Hotel Lucerne and Roanoke Red Sulphur Springs.

For terms, analysis of water (red sulphur and chalybeate) and certificates of eminent physicians and others for cure of dyspepsia, lung, throat, heart and female troubles and hay fever, write for circulars to  
F. J. CHAPMAN,  
Salem, Va.

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White, Black and Blue Sulphur and Chalybeate Springs.

Under New Management. Thoroughly renovated, furnished and repaired Bathrooms. Billiards. Finest Liquors. Excellent Table. No expense spared. Open June 15.  
ALEXANDER & CO. 6 7 tf

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Board from now until October, closing, \$5 to \$7 per week; \$15 to \$25 per month.

FRANK B. YATES,

Proprietor. 8 26 4t

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A LARGE shipment of pianos and organs was received yesterday by Hobbie Music Company, direct from the factories.

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FROM \$750 TO \$1,500.

SMALL CASH PAYMENT.

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